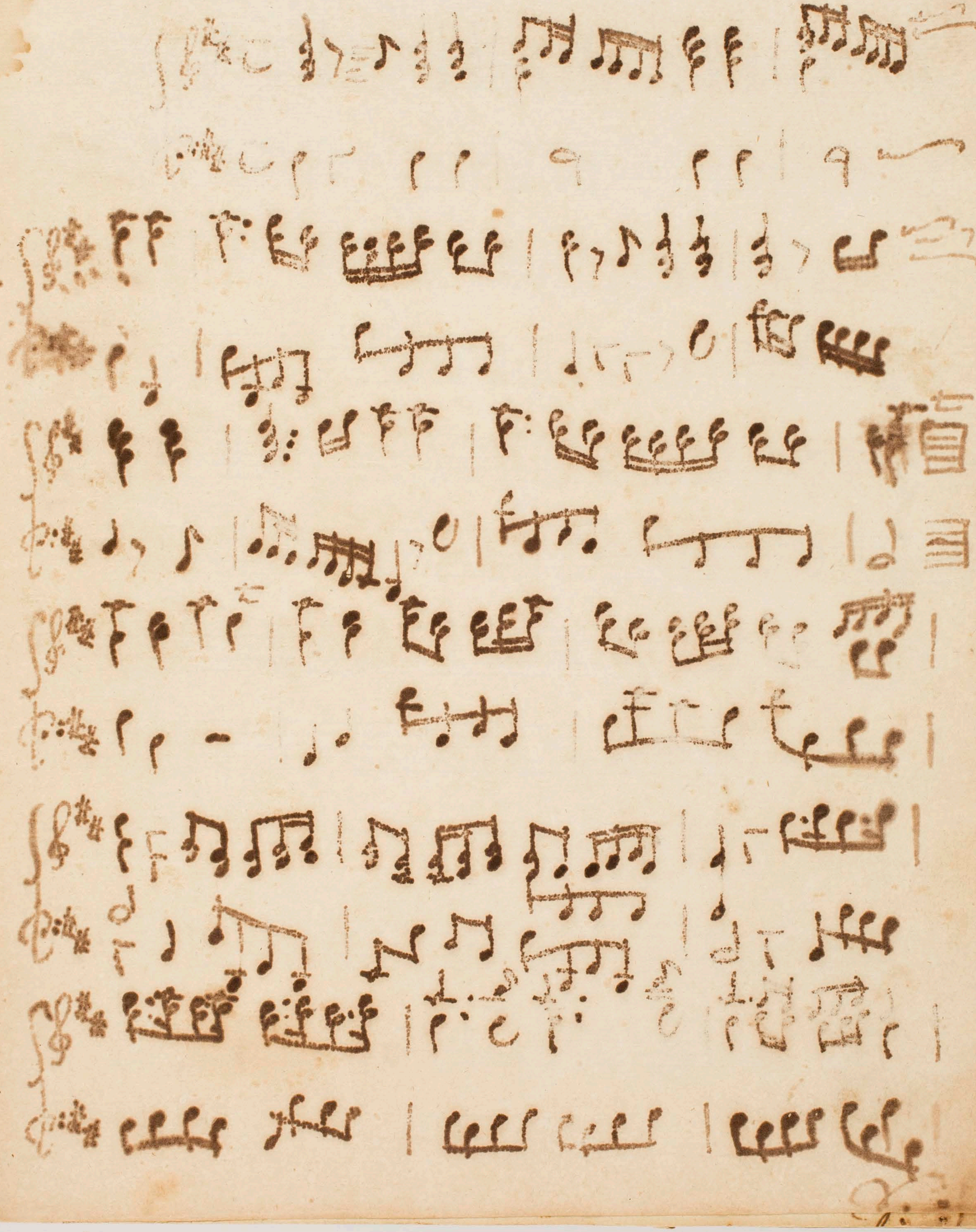
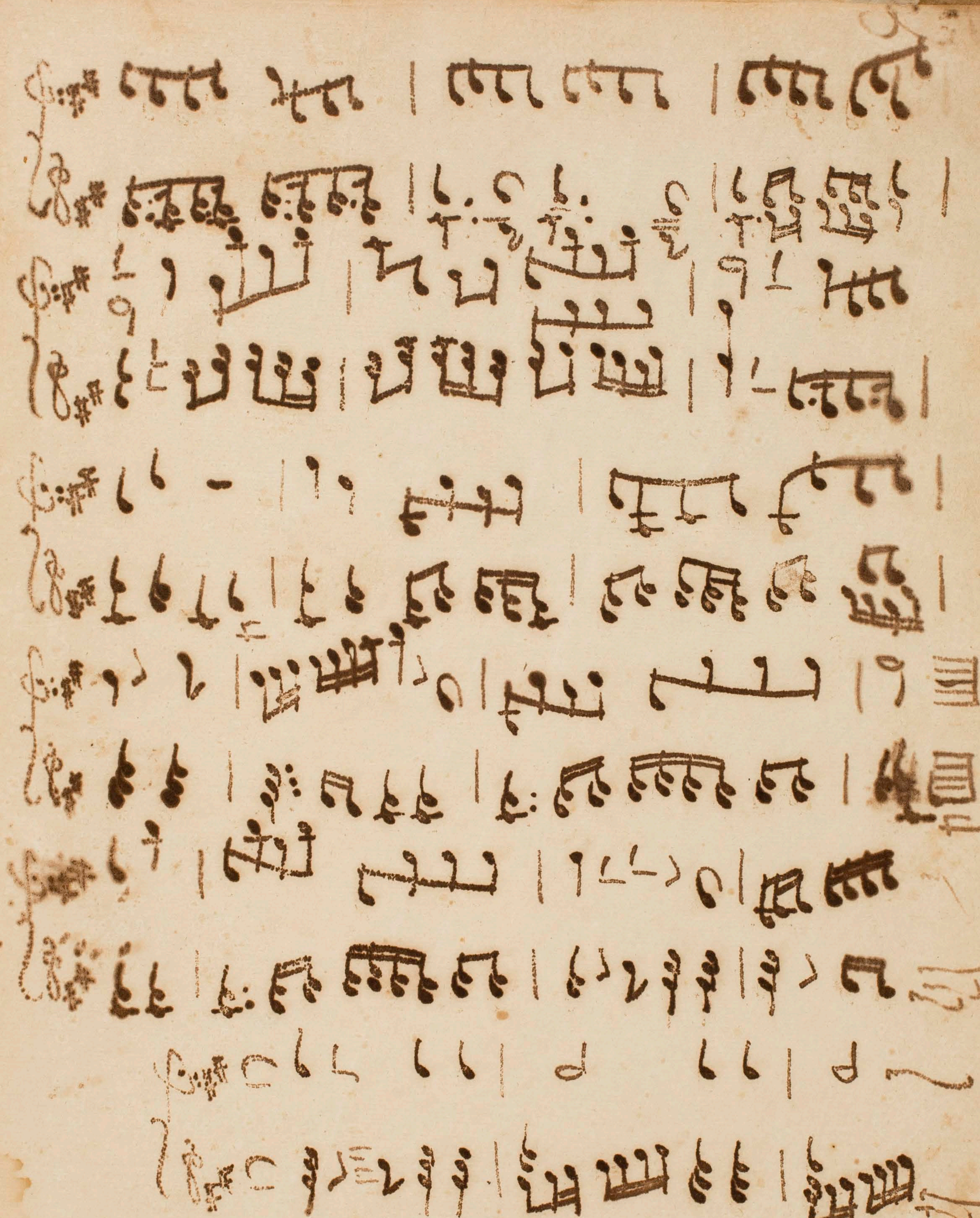
Rosa C. Muhlenberg.

R. C. M. Presented by her Mother Jany 7th 1832

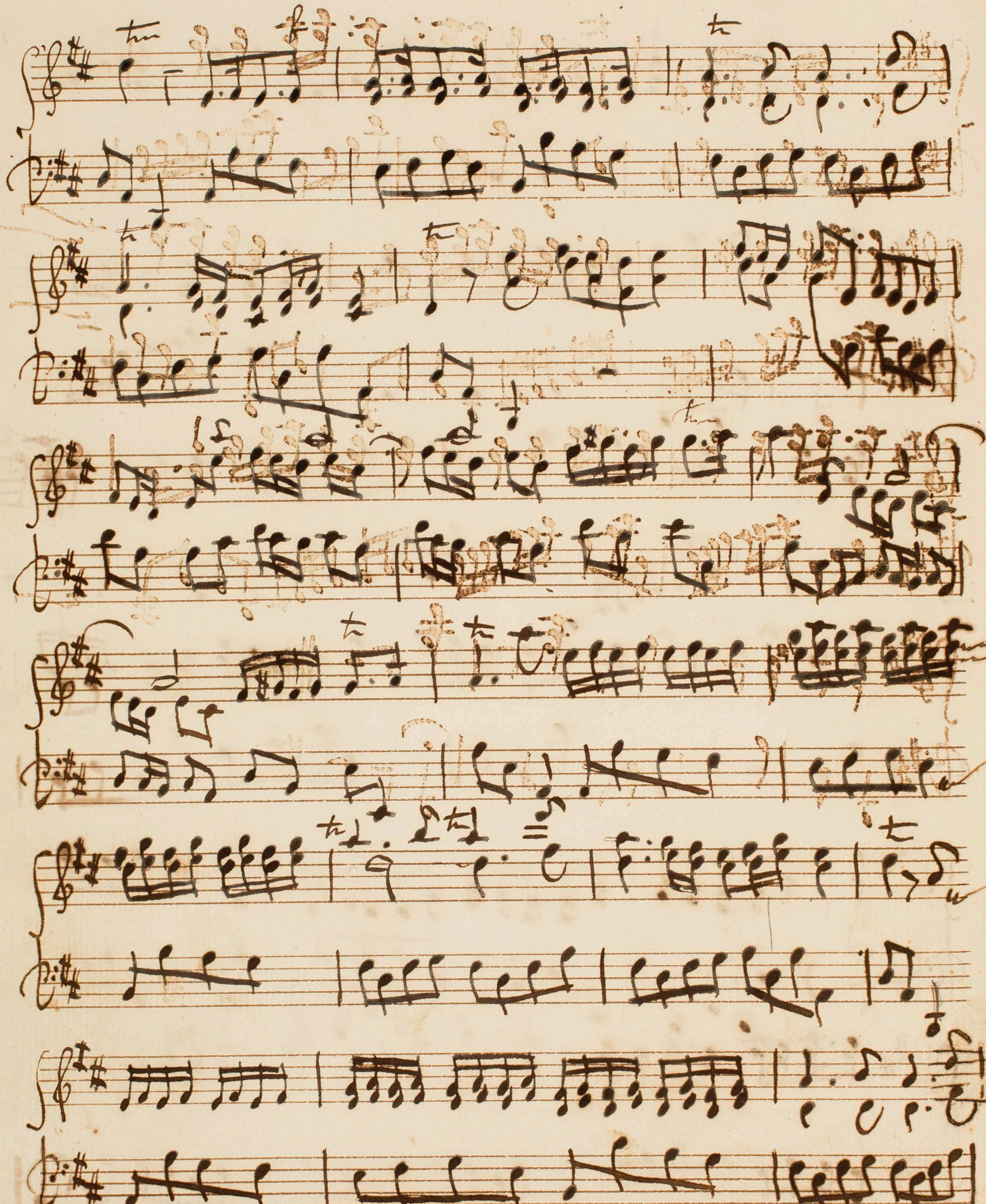
LOWENS
IRVING

Handels Water Music.

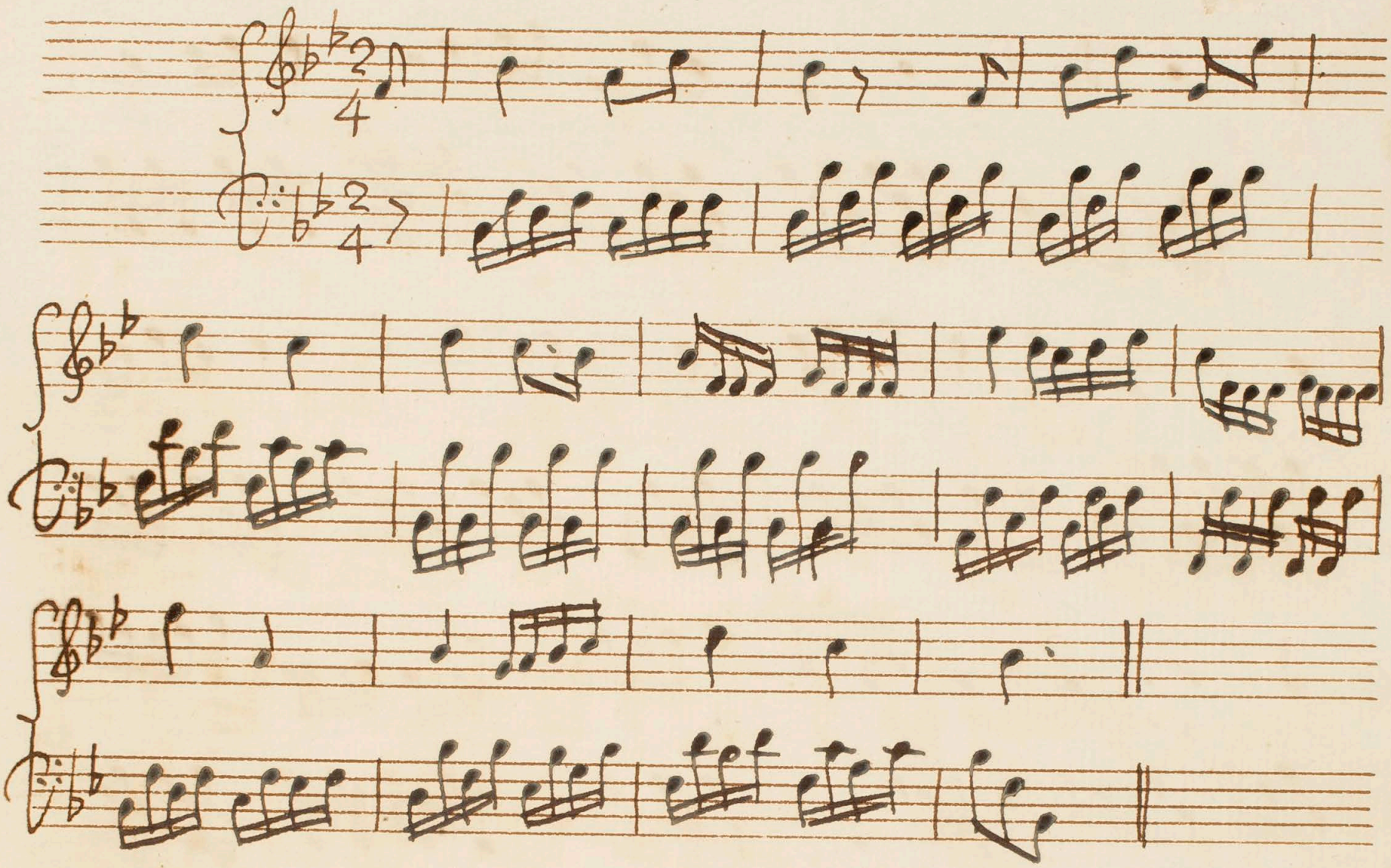




Handel's Water Music.



Song from the Thieves



D. S.

for tenderneſs form'd in lifes early day a parents ſoft

ſorrows to mine led the way a parents ſoft ſorrows to

mine led the way

The leſson of pity was caught from her eye and ear

words were my own I ſpoke with a ſigh

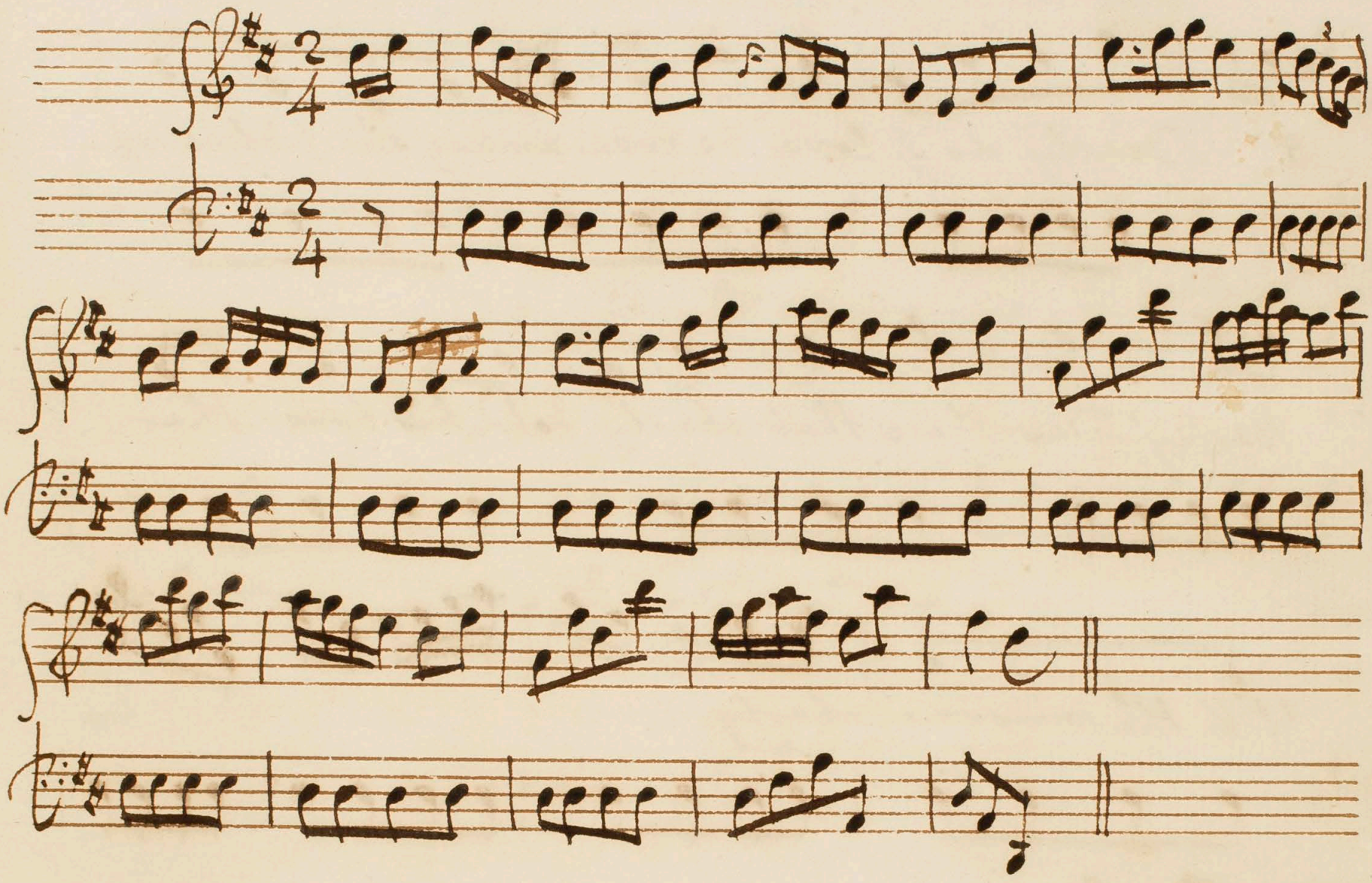
2

The Nightingale plunder'd the mate widow'd dove
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove
To youth as it ripens gives sentiments new
The object still changing the Sympathy true

3

Soft embers of passion yet rest in thier glow
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame

Bonny Charly



6 Dearly do I love to rove among the fields of

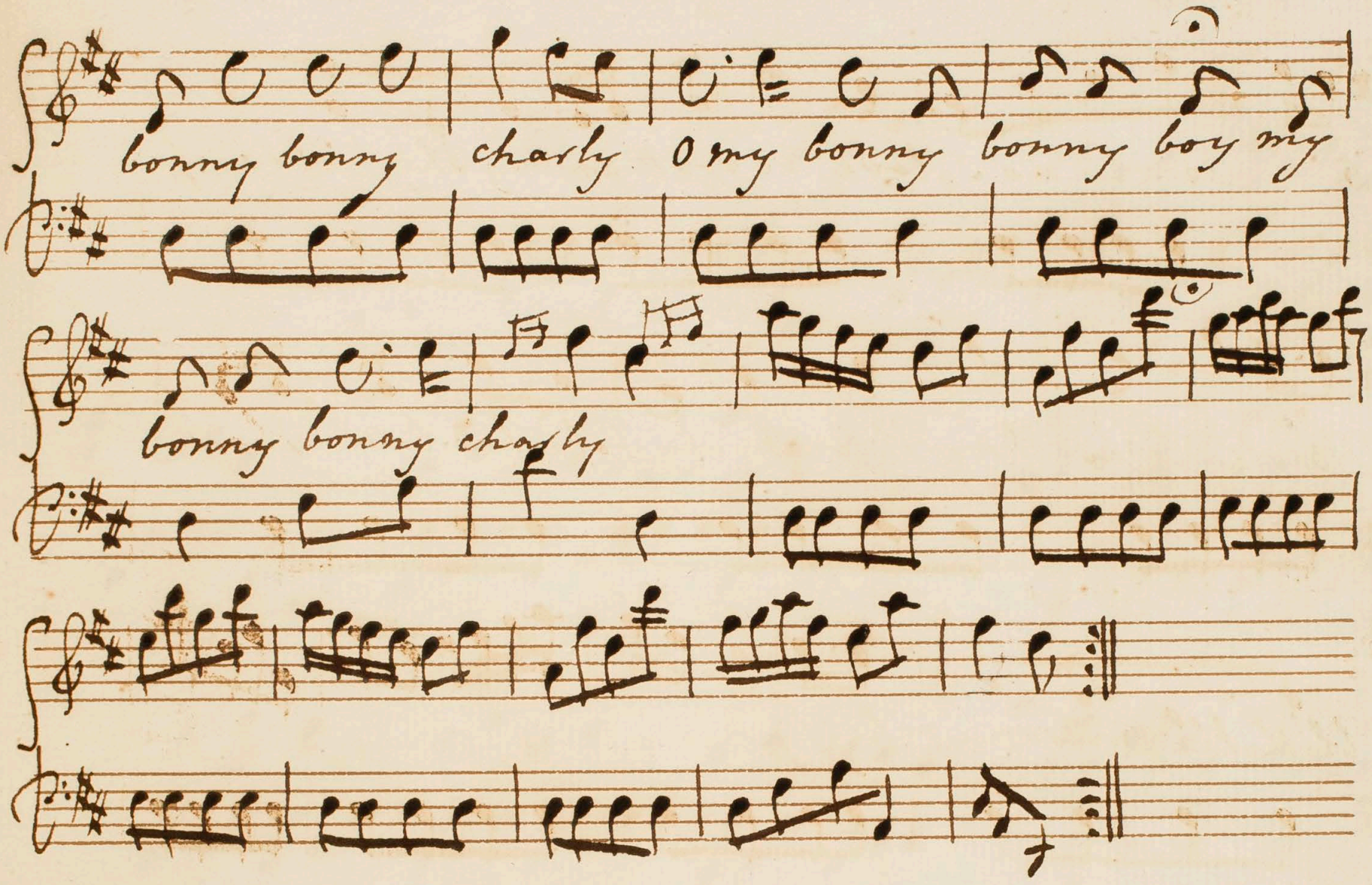
Barley' twas there that charly told his love the

blith the winsome charly

Then he so sh'd and he so woo'd and marriage

was the parley what con'd I do but buchle too with

bonny bonny charly o my bonny bonny boy my



2

When the Lasses rue the day I sought the fields of barley
And strive to win from me away the heart of winsome charly

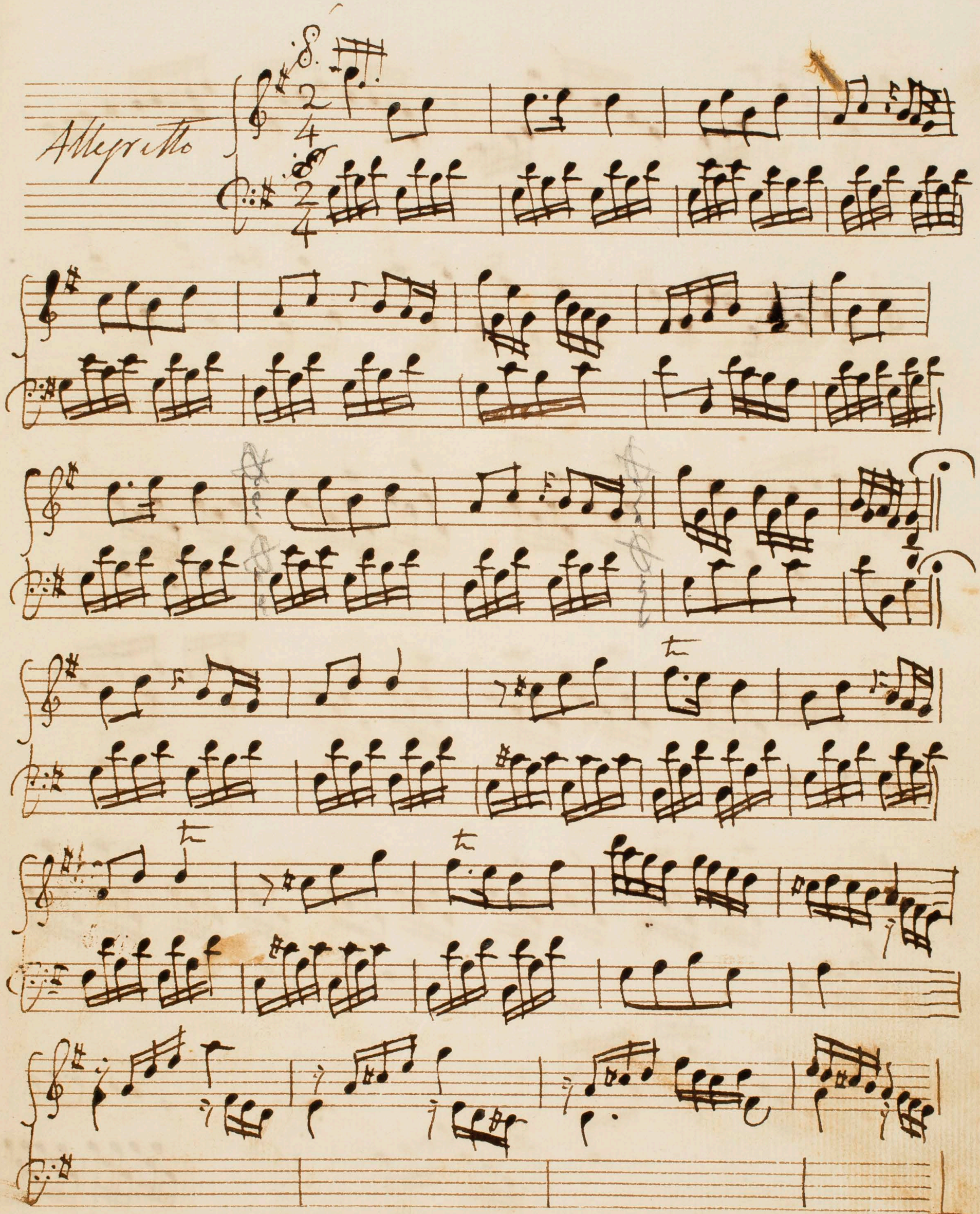
But ah how vain they canna gain his heart by all their parley
And now they see he woo's but me my bonny &c

3

Gilha blessing crown the laird that owns the fields of barley
And hen I him alone regard for he is winsome charly

The gentle youth with so much truth so woos me late and early
I can't withstand to give my hand to bonny &c

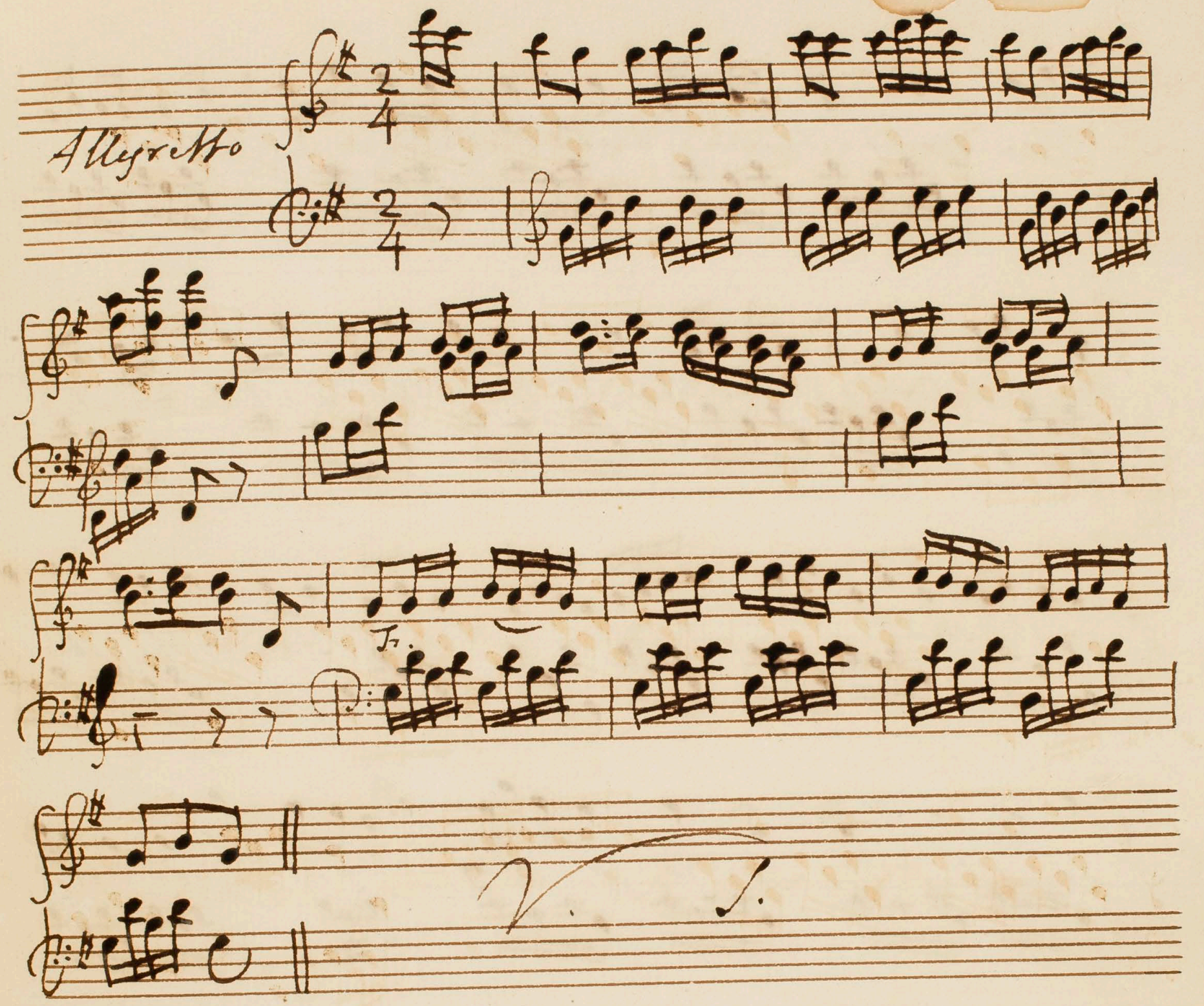
Garths Rondo



D.C.

Da Capo

Two Bunches a penny Strawberries



When Spring returning decks the grove in glittering ar-

ray and Birds elated chaunt their loves while mounted

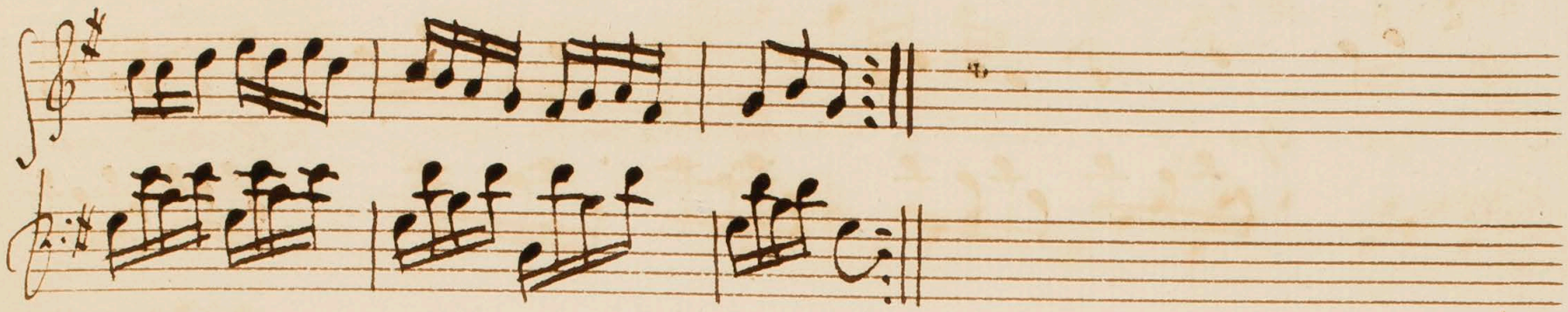
on the Stray Then to the fields with

eagar haste to cull the flowrs I hie I With my Basket

to my waist thro' Lanes and streets I cry Two Bunches a

Slow

penny primroses two Bunches a penny



2

And oft as thro' the streets I walk In hopes to sell my ware
The powder'd Beaux will diegn to talk and try me to ensnare
But true to love my thoughts are placed and from such offers fly
So with my basket to my waist thro' streets and lanes I cry

Two Bunches &c

3

What tho' no plumes do grace my head nor sattins train behind
I still have charms to please my ned and he hits well my mind

And soon to church with him I'll hie the gordian knot to tie
No more with my basket to my waist thro' streets and lanes I'll cry

Two Bunches &c

Song from the Haunted Tower

Sung by Sig^ra Storace

Andantino

Be mine tender

passion soother of care lifes choicest blessing

Shield from despair do not decieve me

Ah never leave me still may my bosom thy

pow'r de clare

vain thy influence fools may revile

Constancy ever gains ever gains thy Smiles and of thier

destiny can those complain whose falsehood Dares thy

laws prophane thy laws prophane Be—

ah never leave me ah never leave me

Solv'd I'll brave all danger to every fear a

dll°. Mat°.

Stranger thy sweet reward oh love to gain then

let me combat not in vain but in my triumph

share thy smiles for which I dare re — solv'd I'll

brave all danger to ev'ry fear a

Stranger Then in my triumph share thy

smiles for which I dä —

rc

I dare thy sweet reward oh love to gain then

Let me combat not in vain

I dare I bravely

Dare I bravely dare

Oscar and Malvina

O ever in my bosom live

And.te

Oh ever in my bosom live thou

source of endless pleasure since nothing else on earth can give so

dear so rich a treasure oh ever in my bosom live thou

source of endless pleasure since nothing else on earth can give so

dear so rich a treasure true love perhaps may bring alarms or

be but lofs of reason yet still it adds to Summer's charms and

cheers the Wintry season true love perhaps may

bring alarms or be but lofs of reason yet still it adds to

Summers charms and cheers the wintry season

2: Verse

The lustre of the great and gay,
Is transitory Fashion;

While pure and lasting is the ray
Of unaffected Passion;

When danger threats the peasant's cot
And cruel cares assail it;

Affection's smile shall soothe his lot,
Or bid him not bewail it.

3d Verse

Then let us each on each rely
A mutual Transport borrow

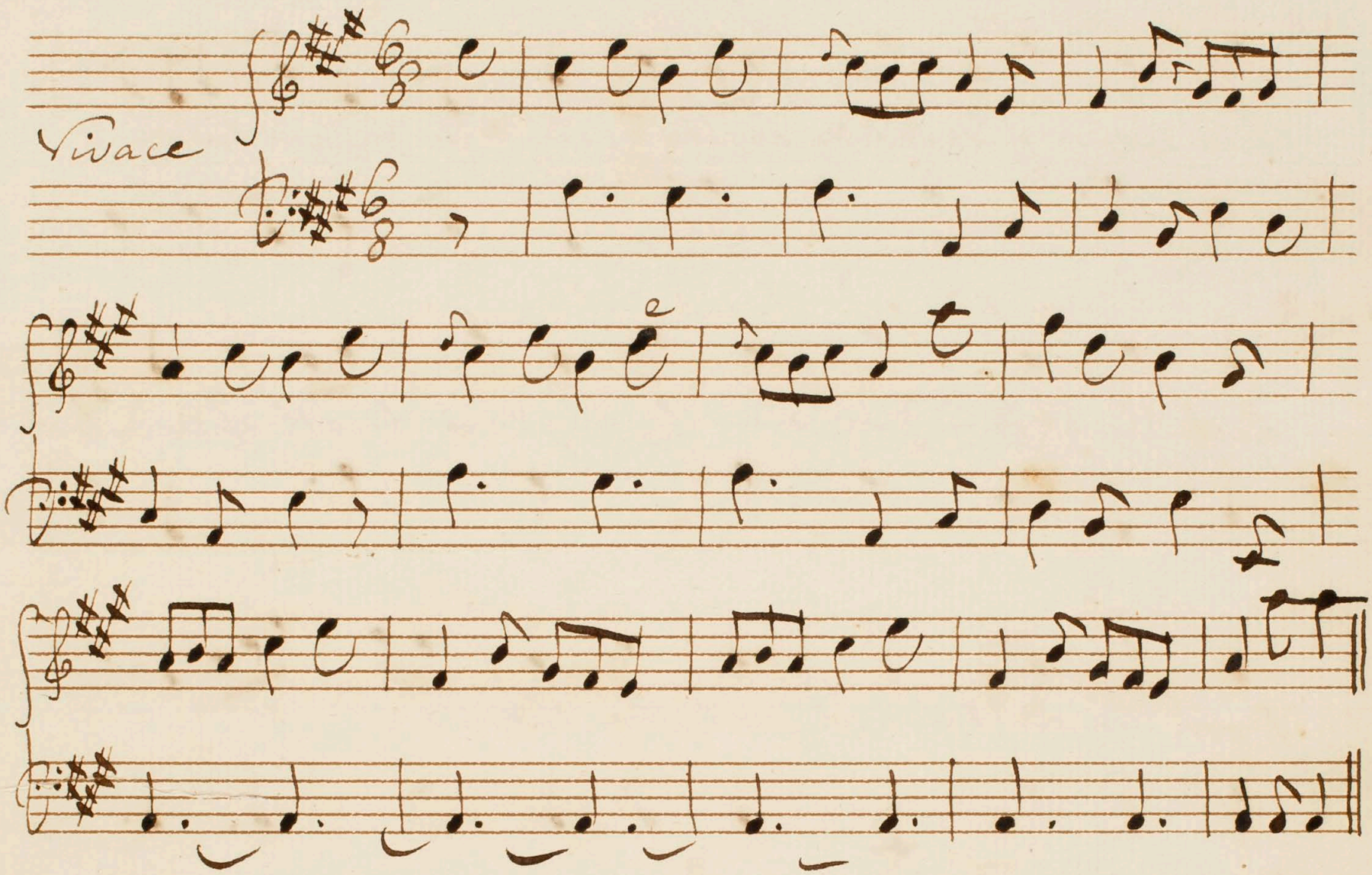
The slavish forms of Life defy
And artificial Sorrow.

Content will sport, and laugh and sing,
Grow livelier and jocoser

While Time that fleets on envious wing
Shall bind our hearts the closer.

Willy of the Dale

Vivace



Volti Subito.

When spring dispensing sweets around in gayest liv'ry

deck the ground just when the fragrant breath of morn had

shook the dew drops from the thorn

To yonder mead my flock I led and gayly carroll'd

as they fed of all the swains who trip the green or

pipe in yonder vale none look so neat or pipe so

Sweet as Willy of the Dale as Willy of the Dale as

Willy of the Dale none look so neat or pipe so sweet as

Willy of the Dale as Willy of the Dale

V. S.

My heart came fluttering to my bosom
As thus my Willy's praise I sung
But never sure was simple maid by her own foolly thus be-
For turning round I saw the Swain

Stand shyly listning to my strain
My cheek he tap't my hand he pres'd

And told so sweet a tale devoid of art I gave my heart
To Be

3

Next morn he search'd the fields and bowrs
To call for me the sweetest flowrs

Then cried these flowrs my charming fair
The emblem of thy beauties are
Let Hymen join us then dear maid
Before those transient beauties fade
In such a gentle voice he wood
How could he but prevail

I vow'd thro' life to be the wife
Of Willy &c

I never lov'd any dear Mary but you

Vivace

you tell me dear girl that I am given to

roam That I sport with each Lass on the green That I

join in the dance and sing sonnets of love and

still with the fairest am seen With my hey derry

down and my hey down derry around the green meadow

With and so merry with black brown or fair I have

frolick'd this true with black brown and fair I have

frolick'd this true but I never lov'd any I never lov'd

any dear Mary but you I never lov'd any

never lov'd any I never lov'd any dear Mary but

you

D. S.

Tho Phillis or Nancy are nam'd in my song
My eyes will still wander to you
Not to Phillis or nancy my raptures belong
To you and you only they're due
With my hey derry down and my hey down derry
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry
~~My songs are of pleasure and beauty 'tis true~~
But &c

3

For these eyes you may read a fond heart all yourn
But alas 'tis the language of love
My feelings you'd pity that language once known
Ah learn it all doubts to remove
With my hey derry down and my hey down derry
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry
You'll neer find a heart that's more fond or more true
For &c

Song from the flitch of Bacon

Larghetto

No 'twas neither shape nor

feature made me own your Sov'reign sway E'en thine the

proudest gifts of nature con'd have trimph'd but a day

Con'd have trimph'd but a day

Con'd have

trimph'd con'd have trimph'd but a

day

con'd have tri-ump'd but a day

con'd have triumph'd but a day

Beauty's graces tho' inviting

Scarce the ravish'd sense will find
But with virtues charms uniting

Steel loves fetters o'er mind.

Roslin Castle

'Twas in that season of the year when all things

gay and sweet appear that Collin with the morning ray a-

-rose and sung his rural lay of Nanny's charms the

Shepherd sung the hills and Dales with Nanny rung while

Roslin castle heard the strain and echo'd back the

chearful strain

2

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing Spring
With rapture calls awake and sing

Awake and join the vocal throng
And hail the morning with a song

To Nanny, raise the chearful lay
O bid her haste and come away

In sweetest smiles herself adorn
And add new graces to the morn

3

O hark my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes lay

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng
And love inspires the melting song

Then let my ravish'd notes arise
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes

And love my rising bosom warms
And fills my soul with sweet alarms

4

O come my love thy Collins lay
With rapture calls O come away

Come while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine

O hither haste and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring

Those graces that divinely shine
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine

Female Robin Hood

Lively

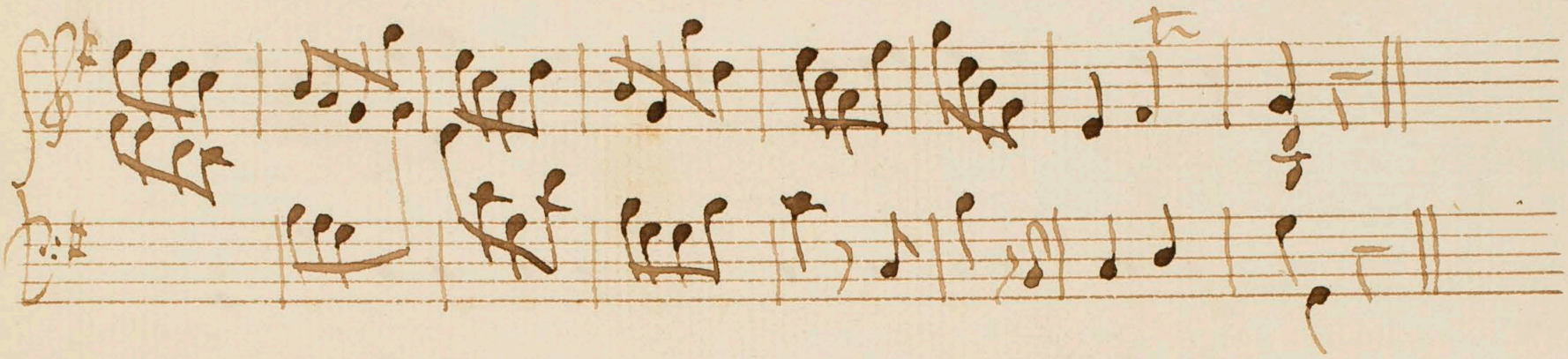
Let the music sprightly play

this is Hymens Holiday smiling virtues him await

guardian of the married state Let the Music

Sprightly play this is Hymens Holiday smiling virtues

him await guardian of the married state



2

Roseate god of soft desire
Mirth and wit and song inspire

Each fond heart elate joy
Honest love can never cloy

Let &c

3

Dimpled innocence appear
Free Sorrow void of fear
from

Thy fair sister bring with thee
Captivating modesty

Let &c

Song from Inkle and Yarico

Andte

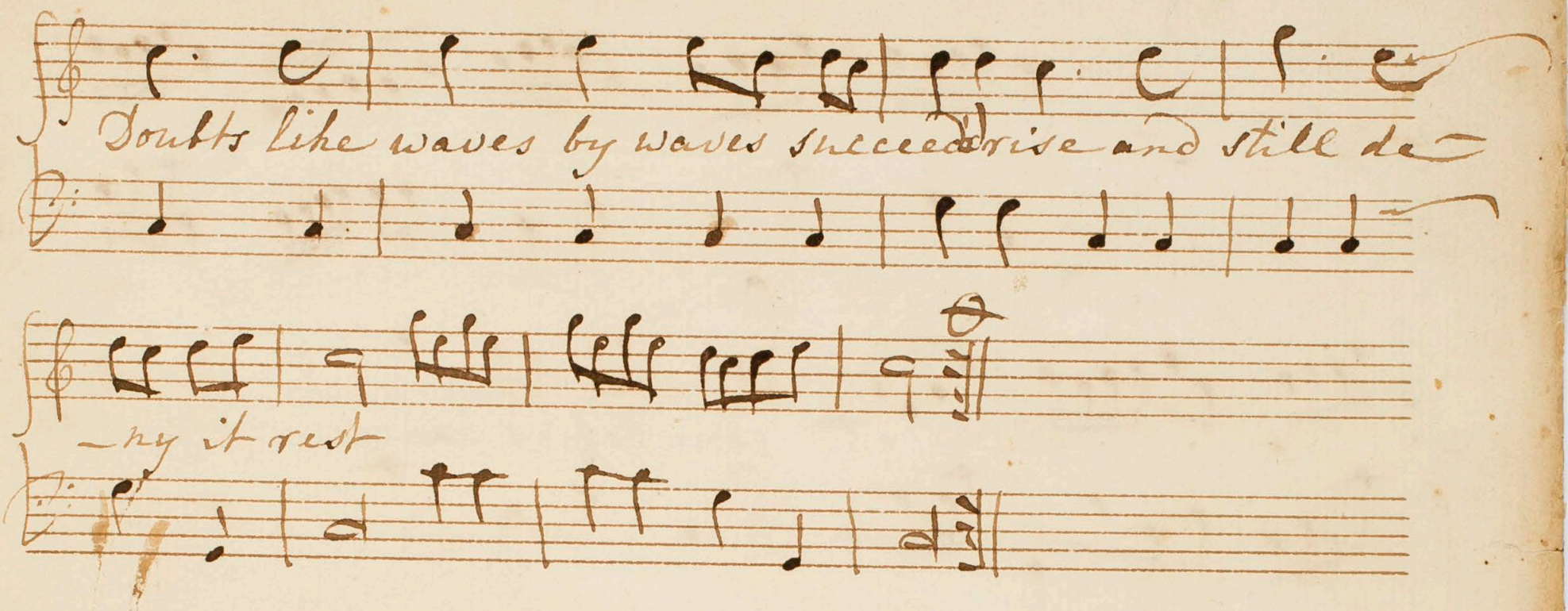
Fresh and strong thee breeze is blowing As yon ship at

anchor rides sullen waves inceſsant flowing rudely

dash against its side

So my

heart its course impeded Beats in my perturbed breast


Doubts like waves by waves succeed rise and still de—
—ny it rest

Finale Ihple and Yarico.

Sprightly

come let us dance and sing while

all Barbadoes bells shall ring Love scrapes the fiddle

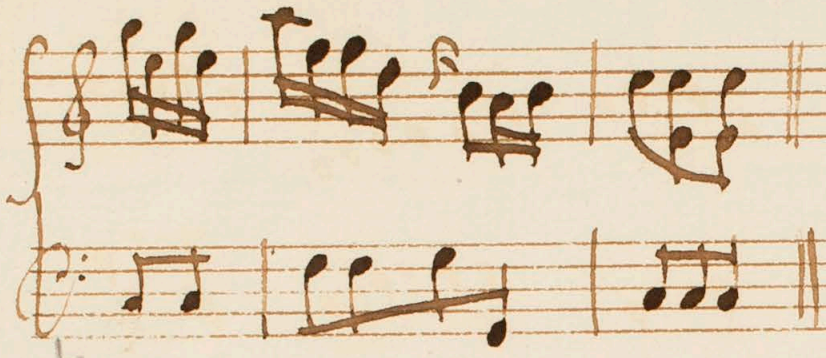
string and venus plays the lute Hymen gay boots away

happy at our wedding day cocks his chin and figures into

Tabor fife and flute

Da Capo

al Segno



to Since then each anxious care
Is vanish'd into empty air

Ah how can I forbear to join the jocond dance
To and fro couples go on the light fantastic toe

while with glee merrily the rosy hours advance

Come &c.

2

When first the swelling sea hither brought my love and me

what then my fate would be little did I think
Doom'd to know care and woe

Happy still is yet'd Since her love
will constant prove and nobly scorns to shrink.

The Silver Moon

V.S.

Where where where shall I seek the lovely swain that

wood me on the banks of tweed where where

where hear the soft and tender strain he play'd upon his

Batten reed

O sweetly cou'd the

Shepherd play the bonny boy that won me soon for

Sandy stole my heart away while playing by the

Silver Moon the silver moon the Silver

Moon For Sandy stole my heart away while

playing by the silver Moon

Where can he stray, Ah tell me where
Return my love return to me
Come, let us to the grot repair
That overlooks the surgy sea
And when the village trains at rest
~~My bonny boy thy bagpipes tune~~
For what can ever our loves molest
While &c

3

Come, then my bonny boy wi' speed
Or else wi' grief my heart will break

Come, let us range the banks of Tweed
And join the merry dance or wake

But what's the ~~dance of~~ dance or wake to me
The boast of ev'ry silly loon

Compar'd to moments pass'd wi' thee
While &c

When the hollow Drum
From the Opera of the Mountaineers

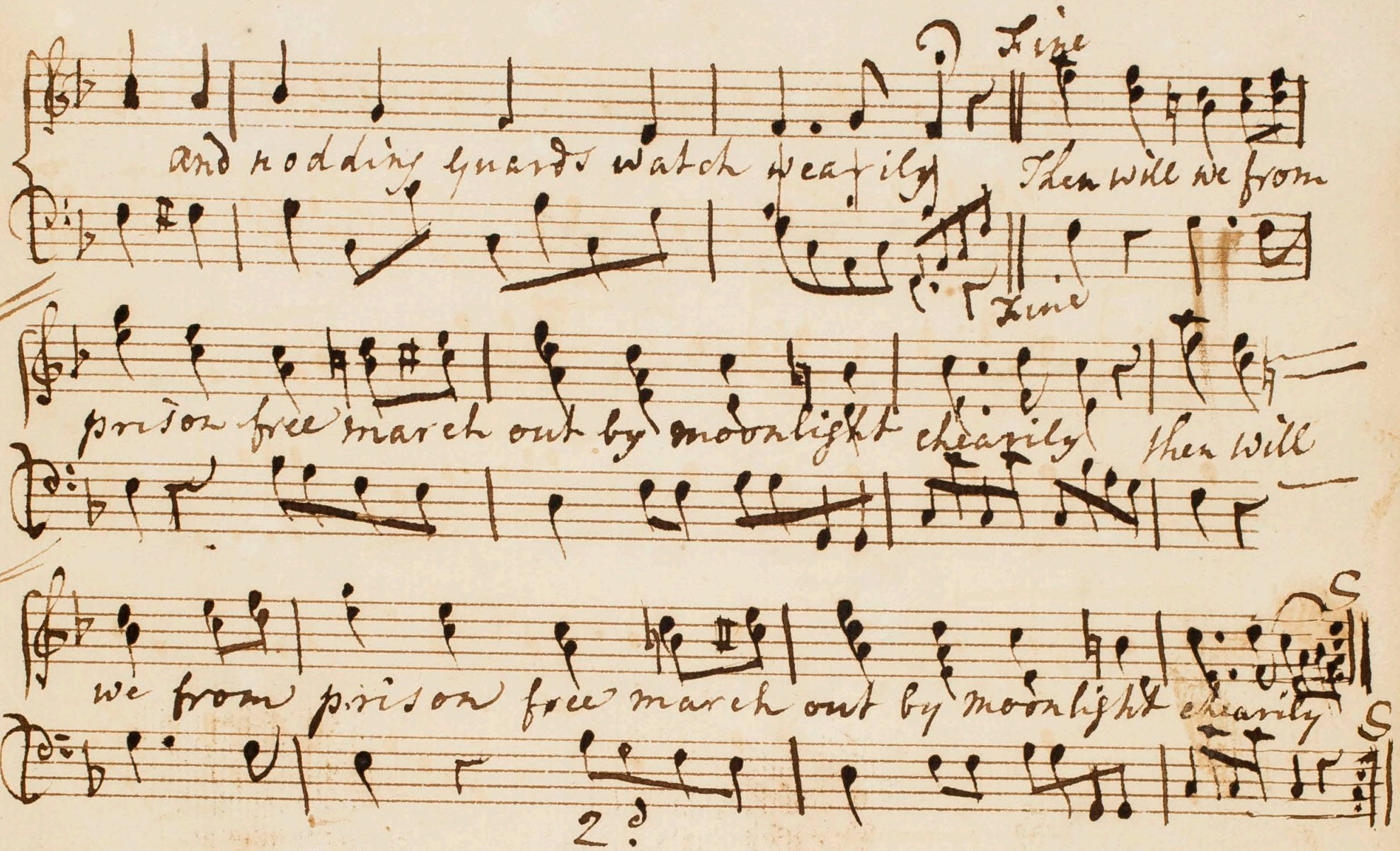
Vivace

when the hollow drum has beat to Bed

when the little Tiffer hangs his head

Still and mute the moorish Flute and

nodding Guards watch wearily



When the moorish Cymbals clash by day
When the brazen Trumpets shrilly bray
Slave's in vain
May then complain
Of Tyranny and Slavery
Would he know
It's time to go
And slily slips from Slavery

2d. Verse

When the hollow Drum has beat to Bed
When the little Fifer hides his head
Still and mute.
The moorish flute
March out by moonlight cheerily

When the hollow Drum &c

as far as the word Fine

The Lass of Richmond Hill

Allegro

On Richmond Hill there lives a Lass more bright than

may day morn whose charms all other maids sur—

—pass a rose without a thorn This

Lass so neat With smiles so sweet has won my right good

will I'd crowns resign to call thee mine Sweet Lass of richmond

Hill sweet lass of richmond Hill Sweet Lass of Richmond

Hill I'd crowns resign to call thee mine sweet

Lass of richmond Hill

2

Ye Zephers gay that fan the air and wanton thro' the grove
O wisper to my charming fair I die for her and love

This Lass &c

3

How Happy must that shepherd be that calls this Nymph his own
O may her choice be fix'd on me mines fix'd on her alone

This Lass &c

Song from the Opera of the Woodman

Pastorale

Zephyr come thou Playfull minion greet with whispers

Soft mine ear hence each breeze of ruder pinion

tell me I have nought to fear

Volti Subito

gently Zephyr wing him over tho' I neér behold him more

with the breath of some young Lover

waft him to his native Shore

waft him to his native Shore with the breath of

some young Lover waft him to his native Shore

Zephyr come thou playfull minion

greet with whispers soft mine ear hence each breeze of

ruder pinion tell me I have nought to fear

Zephyrs whisper tell me tell me tell me tell me

tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me I have

nought to fear nought to fear tell me I have nought to fear

Diminuendo

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came Where

Jocky speel'd the vessals side A wha can keep thes

heart at hame When Jocky's tost aboon the tide for

aff to distant realms he gangs yet I'll prove true as

he has been And when ilk lass about him thrangs Tell

think on Annie his faithfu Ann

I met our wealthy laird yestreen
Wi' gou'd in Hand he tempted me
He prais'd my brow my rolling ein

And made a brag of what he'd gi
What tho' my Jocky's far awa

Tost up and down the ansome main
I'll keep my heart anither day

Since Jocky may return again

3

Nae mair false Jamie sing nae mair
And fairly cast your pipe away

My Jocky wad be troubled sair
To see his friend his love betray

For a' your songs and verse are vain
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow

My heart to him shall true remain
I'll keep it for my constant Joe

4

Blá saft ye Winds round Jocky's head

And gar your waves be calm and still
His homeward sail with breezes speed

And dinna' a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far awa

Yet he will bra in siller shine
I'll keep my heart anither day

Since Jocky may again be mine.

Duke of Yorks March

Maestoso

Tr.

Trio

Da Capo

Tral lal la

A shepherd wander'd we are told

Tral lal la lal lal lal lal lal la To seek a

straggler of the fold fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal

la when passing o'er a fragrant glade descried a young and

blooming maid and thus to her his vows he paid

Tral lal la lal lal lal lal lal La

2

Ah beauteous maid if you'll be mine Tral &c.
your brows with cowslips I'll intwine Tral &c.

To you the flowrets, as they spring in rushy baskets I will bring
And sweetly by your side I'll sing Tral lal &c

3

The maiden prickly rais'd her head Tral &c.
Her eyes their wonted beauties shed

This secret spot ah Shepherd dear approach not as my frowns
I fear from the sunbeams shelter here Tral &c. You fear

Song from the woodmen

Allegro
Staccato

when

first I slipt my leading strings to please her little Doll my

mother bought me at the fair a pretty waten Doll such

sloe black eyes and cherry cheeks the smiling dear possest How

could I kiss it oft enough or hug it to my breast How

con'd I hug it oft enough or hug it to my breast

No sooner I cou'd prattle it, as forward Misses do
Than how I long'd and sigh'd to hear my Dolly prattle too

I curl'd her head in ringlets neat, and dress'd her very gay
And yet the silky hussy not a syllable would say

Provok'd that to my questions kind no answer I cou'd get
I shook the little hussy well and whipp'd her in a pet

My mother cried o fye upon't pray let your Doll alone
If e'er you wish to have a pretty baby of your own

My head on this I bridled up and threw the plaything by
Altho' my sister snubb'd me for't I knew the reason why

I fancy she would wish to keep the sweethearts all her own
But that she shan't, depend upon't when I'm a woman grown

(30)

Contains 20 songs,
a Rondo, & a March.

S.H.
9/31/72